HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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Communications.

Convention at Milford--Addresses of S. S Foster, Abby Kelley and Jane Hitchcock. A Third Party Convention--the Last and Smallest Farce of the Season.

Friend Rogers: The glorious cause of Freedom has received a new impulse here in the town of Milford. Seldom have I seen a more triumphant meeting, than we closed on Sunday evening of last week. It commenced on the preceding Friday, and continued till a late hour on Sunday evening. The meeting was characterized by numbers, eloquence and music. The spacious Hall recently finished by the Hutchinson family, was thronged most of the time, and many left, I was told, not being able to gain admittance. As to the speaking, though I never *puff*, I must say it exceeded at times all I have ever heard. On Saturday evening, Foster spoke two hours as I had never heard him, and on Sunday forenoon, he exceeded even all that he did then. I heard several say, who are not abolitionists, "never man spake like this man." Abby Kelley too, has wrung out of the opponents of female oratory, the unwilling confession, that if education, truthfulness, refinement, power of reasoning, mildness of demeanor, and whatever pertains to true eloquence, entitle one to address public assemblies, few, either male or female, can urge a higher claim than herself. Many who came to sneer, remained to admire, and went away to commend and to *believe*.

Of the music, I have only to say, it was by the Hutchinsons, and the people from the Kennebec to the Potomac, know all about it. The free use of their capacious and convenient Hall, was another act of theirs, worthy their generous hearts.

On Sunday morning we had a perfect crowd, from this and neighboring towns, and never have I seen such an impression as was produced by Foster's speech. At intermission, you might see little crowds of the people about the village, engaged in most earnest conversation about it, and the spirit of freedom ran like electricity from heart to heart, and from house to house. Long before the hour of assembling in the afternoon, the Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. It becoming apparent that multitudes must be kept out, if we remained there, it was proposed to adjourn to the old meeting house. This was done—and the worshippers of sect near by, beheld our march with deep consternation. Such an assemblage of those whose only weapons are *Truth* and *Love*, was more terrible to them, than an army with banners. Abby Kelley spoke most of the afternoon, and Jane Hitchcock made the principal speech in the evening; the former vindicating the doctrine of *no union with slaveholders* most triumphantly against some opposition that was raised by one or two Polko Focos present; and the latter captivating her audience by sweetness of manner and acuteness of reasoning.

I wish I had time, and you had room for some account of the addresses. The religion of the times, politics, social relations, every thing that sustains slavery were unfolded in a surprising manner.—Milford revivals, I predict, are at an end. The clergy are no longer needed, nor, as clergyman—respected—and will soon be discharged. Only the anti-slavery movement keeps them from falling foul of each other, and devouring altogether. One of the ministers, John Richardson, asserts, and undertakes to prove, that Infant Baptism has occasioned more evil in the world than slavery! But the Orthodox ministers have so much to do, to maintain their ground against the rocking earthquakes which the mighty tread of Freedom creates about them, that they can hardly give so bold an attack on one of their favorite institutions, the least consideration. Probably should they reply at all, it would be only to say, that *under water baptism* is a greater curse than slavery. Certainly, this has been the language of their practice, ever since the days of Roger Williams.

From Milford we went to Wilton, Peterborough and Hancock—dividing our forces in the two former places, and meeting again on Saturday, for a two days Convention at Hancock. Of these meetings I have not now time to speak much. Night before last, Foster and Abby Kelley being on their way to the Non-Resistance meeting at Boston, again addressed the people of this village, at Hutchinson Hall. The subject was Third Party, and it met the treatment it deserves. Friend Livermore, the lawyer of the village, and a Third Party man, came to the rescue, and spoke an hour with his usual candor and ability, and only failed to make out his case, from the extreme hardness of the case itself. Although used by his very profession, "to make the worse appear the better reason," and skilful no doubt to do it, *where it can be done*, still I think that for once, *he must admit a failure*, though he did all that the cause would allow. I hope he will soon be found in better company.

But I must say a word about a Third Party caucus held in the Congregational vestry last evening. The Party in this place, consists mainly of members of the pro-slavery churches, officered of course by deacons and ministers. Anxious to make James G. Birney's calling and election sure, they appointed a caucus, and sent to Nashua for one Barrows to come and make them an electioneering speech. From his stupidity and self-conceited impudence, he could easily be detected as a minister in the Methodist battallion. The evening was dark but not rainy, though the little vestry was not more than half full. There was about a *political* thousand; though in *honest* number, there were just sixty-three, as I counted. Several of these were women and girls; and if the speech-master *could* insult any body, it seems to me he insulted them—for he made not the slightest allusion to them during the evening; but his speech was full of "*gentlemen*" and "gentlemen of the Liberty Party"—and "RESPECTED gentlemen." A few anti-slavery women were in, from motives of curiosity, as also some anti-slavery men; but what Third Party women there were present, must pocket the insult of being utterly neglected, as they best may.

The address was a curiosity. It seems the orator sometime back, had given a sermon on slavery, that was printed.—He told us all about this, and what was in it, and then gently hinted that it could be bought for four-pence, and so said he would say no more about it. If he gave us a specimen of it, I think *four-pence*, high for it. He gave us the strangest bundle of reasons you ever saw, for abandoning the political parties and staying in the "Bulwarks of American slavery." Then he had a mighty sweat at showing the *morality* of the ballot-box. He magnified that bit of political *housen stuff*, as the old Jews did the ark of the covenant. Thou shalt not take the name of the ballot-box in vain; for third party will not hold him guiltless, that taketh its name in vain. One would think that to speak against it, would be the "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." That round hole in its top, seemed the "strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life." He said, "some *Christians* seem to vote as the minister once whipped a scoundrel." He pulled off his black coat and threw it down, saying, "lie there *minister*, while I whip this rascal." So he said *Christians* seemed to throw off their Christianity, while they went and voted for slaveholders.

But I wont fill the Herald with much account of the speech. It was pretty pompous, but void of anything energetic, convincing, or instructive. Probably there are few Third Party men in the place, that could not have done as well or better. Friend Warner, the Orthodox minister, seemed vexed and impatient. He must have regarded the meeting as very insignificant. He could have said more, and to greater purpose, in ten minutes, than all that their orator uttered in more than an hour. What he had so weak a man there for, I could not conceive, unless it was to set off his own powers to advantage, by the contrast. I wish I could respect my old class-mate Warner's principles, as much as I do his talents. Unfrock his priesthood, and he's every inch a man.

When the address was through, I rose to make a few remarks. I began, by saying I was not fully satisfied with the reasons given for remaining in the church while we abandoned the political parties—cited James G. Birney to prove *the Church*, and not the Whig or Democratic party, or both together, to be the 'Bulwark," the strong tower, the fortress, the hiding place of slavery, and recommended to Third Party men, to procure the book Birney had published, rather than the six-cent printed sermon of friend Barrows. I then went on to show that he had not told the truth about the Methodist mongers in human flesh. I produced the Methodist book of Discipline, telling the audience it was the 1840, and *last* edition, and read passages from it, comparing them with the resolutions of the General Conference, and the treatment of Bishop Andrew, by that body last May, and was probably, in the opinion of Barrows, making out rather a hard case for him,—when he suddenly rose, and most solemnly, and ministerially and magisterially wished me to stop, that he might correct a mis-statement. I did so with all cheerfulness. He then began to say, that he had *often* met me, [I was not aware of it] and that he always found me stating things that were not true. I ran back in my mind over my remarks, to see what mighty lie I was to be convicted of. The "lake" we read of, where "all liars have their part," blazed up before the meeting, and the people seemed to expect every moment to see me plunged in. I almost began to tremble myself! At length the charge, with almost judgment-day "pomp and circumstance" was specified. It was this—I had said the edition of Methodist Discipline from which I read—WAS THE LATEST EDITION!! whereas another, though on slavery, *exactly like mine*, had been issued since. The only other thing was, I had made *a false inference*: though he said I had read the Discipline and Resolutions right. My false inference was this, The Discipline declares, and has stood unchanged thirty years on the subject, that the buying and selling of men, women and children, with the intention to enslave them, shall be held an excommunitory offence. The resolution of the General Conference, only eight years ago, was, that "*they have no right, wish or intention, to interfere" with slavery*. That is, said I, they have no right, wish or intention to carry out the plainest declarations of their own Discipline. Here were my awful mis-statements.—And the whole of them. But, he added in great hurry, I think it better to close the meeting—and we'll close with the benediction!!! He then sprung it, in double quick time, and the farce ended. I just reminded the meeting of the *honesty* of this *godly* christian, and minister, in asking me to give way for a correction, and then exploding the meeting with the quick match of a benediction. He had accused me of lying, but he didn't lie I suppose, when he thus pretended he only wanted to correct me. These prayers and blessings are the handiest tools the priest has to work with. And they are peculiarly his tools, especially the latter. It takes a priest to do a benediction—mere *human* men can't do it.—It was the first political caucus I ever saw closed by so solemn a performance. It was fortunate that a priest was present, or the meeting might have run on till this time. However, I was satisfied if the party were.

As soon as the Amen was heard, friend Jewett, one of the slaves on friend Warners ecclesiastical plantation, flew round as though he had the very "*brain fever in his head*," and blew out the lights instanter. We got out as soon as we well could, several of the Third Party friends, expressing great dissatisfaction that a stranger should thus in so mean and dishonest a manner, rudely break up the meeting, though he was the speaker of the evening. I hope no Milford man would have done it, though politicians, especially divine politicians, sometimes play desperate games. Politics, to be totally depraved, must be baptized, sanctified and ordained.

After all, the meeting did the cause of genuine anti-slavery much good. Many saw the baseness and meaness of Third Party, as they never did before. A few such scenes would annihilate it throughout the town. The old and tried friends of the right, have cause to rejoice. There are those here who have stood long and manfully the burden and heat of the day.—No better abolitionists can be found anywhere than in Milford. And a number of new ones both men and women, are being added to our ranks.

Our meetings almost every where, are fully attended, and new interest is awakened. Never has this State stood in so favorable an attitude towards the truth, as now. Religious fury and fanaticism have subsided, priestly despotism is broken, if not destroyed, politics, (Third Party excepted,) have ceased to bewitch and make drunk, as they have been wont to do, and there is a real hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

The days of slavery are numbered.—No sun goes down, leaving it as strong as it found it in the morning. It is receiving the curse of every body. Not much longer will even its "Bulwarks" be able to defend it.

Yours, as ever,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

Milford, 30th October, 1844.

Things in Western New York.

Brother Rogers: Things in Western New York are just like things in your "Old Granite State," I suppose, only you don't have so many associations and communities as we do here. I have just been out a few days, travelling 'round to see if *isolation* looked *natural*. It *looked* about as usual to the outward vision, but associations called up by the various devices of *money-grabbers*—the machinery they have set in operation to *cage up* human beings that don't think and act as they do—the fine-spun webs they have to fling over them to "catch *men* as men do pigeons"—the various grades, from the theological trade-learning to the prison, are all exhibited in one very small compass, in what is called Western New York.

The first place of note, during our ramble, was AUBURN, than which there is no one more dead to all feeling for the down-trodden and oppressed race of man, in the whole continent of America. On arriving in sight of the village, my wife inquired, "what great black-looking building is that ahead of us?" That, replied I, is the Prison. The next in size was the *Theological Seminary*. In sight was also the Episcopal church, built with the same black-looking material, ornamented with still blacker,—emblematical, very. The Jail, the Court-house, and various other "steepled houses," were also in sight. "The whole machinery—all the gradations, as regular as the classes in a college, or the armory—the seminary—the church—the court-house—the jail—the prison," said my wife,—"they are all in sight." Yes, here indeed was a map of our social system stretched out before us,—a picture of the times. Men, stationed with loaded muskets on the walls, to guard the 700 human beings cooped up there for doing various things which "the powers that be" have *voted* to be *crimes*,—because the deeds were not done *fashionably*. Those who have robbed their neighbors, have not done it according to the prescribed mode of doing such "business." Those who are there for "*man*-slaughter," have NOT been guilty of *men*-slaughter; i. e. they have not done a *wholesale* business. Probably *one* is as much as any one has killed there, while perhaps some of their *keepers* can boast of having been a '*patriot*,' and *trying* to kill hundreds. The same proportion holds good of the "thieves." Petty thieves are the ones caught, while wholesale dealers in theft and robbery go *free*. I recognized a young man among the convicts with whom I had formerly been a school companion. His "crime," I was informed, was that perversion of nature for which the Priesthood are so celebrated, in consequence of high living and low working. All the apartments in the prison are kept very neat and clean, and their food wholesome, and I have no doubt but friend Doubleday, the agent, is in every way as humane as his office will allow him to be. A man *must* be a tyrant to hold that station long. I had the curiosity to look at the books which were in the convicts cells. They were a Bible, a sectarian Sabbath school book, and one of our fire-and-brimstone hymn books. All the machinery for "evangelizing" the prisoners. Just think of the means. A Bible, Hymn Book, Sabbath School Book, Large Canes, Muskets and Bayonets!!—A regular evangelical machine, Church and State patent. We saw them march up to their dinner, and noticed that in nearly every company the colored men were placed in front, whether to more effectually degrade the others, or to make the degradation of the colored men more conspicuous, I cannot tell. About *one-sixth* of that vast number, I was told were colored men—a striking proof of the degrading effects of chattel slavery upon that class of our American citizens.

The next day we visited that "polar star" to a more perfect state of society, the SKANEATELES COMMUNITY. Found brother Collins, Maria Loomis, and one or two others, whose names I do not remember, busily engaged in creating *light* that might throw its rays to the remotest quarters of the world; i. e. printing the "Communitist,"—one of the neatest sheets, as to appearance, and the *best*, as to matter, in the world, if not *the* best, since the "Regenerator" stopped. None of the above named persons, I believe, were printers by trade, except brother Collins, who had practiced some many years before. All hands at the Community seem to feel as if their success depended upon the *individual* exertion of each member, and they have worked accordingly, and accomplished much—and *will succeed*. One word of a boy's experience here, for the use of associations and communities. I have lived long enough in association to become convinced that religion is the greatest curse to be found among them, and had better be kept out at the commencement,—for if it cannot rule, it WILL RUIN! There is no good—no love—no harmony—no good will in it. Nothing of that doctrine said to be taught by that condemner of *religions*, Jesus of Nazareth. The "infidels" of the day must rid themselves of these religious incumbrances, or they (religionists) "will neither enter the kingdom themselves, or suffer those that would to enter." Communities are not in much danger from politics. Let Fourier associations also beware. At Sodus Bay we are not trou-

bled much with that. By the way, I've been to a Whig meeting for the first time since 1840,—not to count one in a Whig meeting, but to see what was going on there, and *who* was there. I saw Priests, Lawyers, Doctors, and two *live coons*,—who seemed *all* to be much pleased by the "patriotic" eloquence of the orators. There was a stage erected in rear of the *academy*,* (which I am inclined to think is more of a Whig school than any thing else, just now.) It looked so like an auction block that I fancied myself in "Liberty Square," Washington, D. C.—I enquired of some of my Whig friends, if that *was* the auction block, and if the "Farmer of Ashland was in attendance?" They seemed a little "riled," but said but little. Mr. Worden, the first speaker, and a very lengthy one, labored hard to prove the most efficient anti-slavery to be to vote for slaveholders,—admitted Clay to be opposed to abolition—but "was also opposed to Texas," &c.—Said Clay was pledged against Texas, and he never falsified his word—*right or wrong!!*—The next specimen of the Democratic Whig orators, was a young dandy from Albany, by the name of Spencer. He was trimmed off with gold, velvet, &c., to no small degree—just like our "farmers' friends," who ride upon the backs of the people. He said "he was a deserter from the Van Buren party—was deceived when there. Very likely, thought I,—and you may possibly be *now*. He was a pro-dig-ious hater of slavery—a very *wordy* young man, but did not say much after all. Told us that he "was no abolitionist,"—then recollecting that some abolitionists were in the audience, he added, after a short pause—"no more than all of us are." He "thanked God that all here were opposed to slavery." Told us that which I certainly could not see,—"that we had no connection with it."—Mr. Worden had just called the Constitution an infamous compromise, where it allowed a slave representation, and in requiring us to guard the system of slavery. But the whigs could n't see the contradiction any more than converts in a religious pow-wow can see the follies of their priests. Third party is intriguing for their share of office. They take different means to catch people—or add one more inducement than other parties.—They tell them they'll go to hell if they don't vote for Birney,—and W. L. Chaplin talked the other day about how Jesus and Paul *voted*. New England 3d party is 3d-party every where, I reckon. Do send us a good preacher from there. We are in want of missionaries to preach anti-slavery truth. E. W. CAPRON.

Williamson, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1844.

*Around the stage I discovered some members of the society of Friends, and *upon it one* who had about a week previous visited me in an official capacity, for *believing* various things, and *saying* that that Society was upholding the war power by voting for military chiefs! Hope he will look at the "advices" which advices 'friends not to engage in doubtful disputations.' He pretends to be a peace man, a temperance man and an abolitionist,—but is giving all his influence in favor of a war-maker, a drinker of "strong drinks," a duelist, and a slaveholder! This is George Foxism, and consistency with the Quakers. Well may Henry Clapp say—"they are fast dying out."

PALMYRA, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1844.

Brother French: You have undoubtedly heard e're this, of the terrible effects of the great gale on the night of the 18th of this month—the loss of property and lives, both on lake Erie and in the city of Buffalo. *Twenty-eight* dead bodies are said to have been picked up in Buffalo or near there. Yesterday morning, that faithful laborer in the cause of humanity, ORSON S. MURRAY, arrived here from Buffalo, having escaped with his life from the raging of the waters of lake Erie.—He was on board the *Robert Fulton*, which lies a perfect wreck about twenty miles above Buffalo, near the spot where the ill-fated Erie was burned. At about eleven o'clock, P. M., they were within 15 minutes of Dunkirk, but the wind blowing so strong that they could make no headway, they were obliged to put out to keep from going ashore. Soon the jib was blown away, which rendered the boat more unmanageable; not long after the chimneys and the escape pipe went by the board—the engine stopped—the helm was lashed 'hand over'—the anchors thrown out, and the noble boat with her cargo of living beings, left drifting at the mercy of terrible winds and waves. For five or six hours did they float in that terrible condition,—all hope of seeing another day given up even by the bravest "old tars" on board. At one time the boat drifted so near a point (where, if they had gone ashore they must all have been lost,) that they touched the bar but passed over it in safety! and soon after went ashore on a sandy beach, on which she struck so gradually, that those on board scarcely felt the concussion! During the time they were floating about, two children were drowned *in the cabin*, and a mother with four children, and one other child swept overboard and lost.—This is all that is to a certainty ascertained to be lost, although brother Murray thinks it seemed to him that their ranks were thinned more than that. Orson lost all his clothing except what he had on, and a part of the press on which he was to print the REGENERATOR. The types were all saved,—so that the paper will undoubtedly make its appearance in the month of January, as anticipated. The press is on its way to New York to be repaired and returned to the Community, at West Liberty, Logan County, Ohio. Orson having received encouragement enough from friends here of their aid to enable the expenses of the press to be paid, started again for his family in the West. What will the priests of sectism say at this "wonderful Providence," in allowing an "Infidel" to escape,—a real talking, writing, active "Infidel," while innocent (except their *natural* depravity (!) children and perhaps pious mothers were drowned? Hope they will not get angry with God, as they say he does with them, and call him hard names, for not destroying this "Jonah" in the storm.—They were not *all* "pious" on that boat, or priests, at any rate, or they would have seized the heretic by the beard and thrown him over, undoubtedly,—and it would have been a great chance if he found a big fish to carry him on shore.—The priests would not believe such a story told in their own time. But 'Jonah,' this stirrer-up of sedition, this man that all churches dread,—this editor of the "Infidel" REGENERATOR, is saved, and by the obeying of the laws of being, hopes to be saved to this priest-ridden world for some time to come, and there is many of a similar hope. The world needs such men, and although they are as likely to be drowned by accidents on water, or killed by them on land, as others, I claim no special providence in their behalf. Had he have gone down, the cry would have rung throughout all the sectarian claims, "The Lord hath removed this man because of his heresies." They probably would have held a day of jubilee where he is most known, and thanked their God he in his wrath had taken him away; but *now* I am at a loss to know what they will say; but this I am sure of, that every lover of his race will rejoice for the WORLD'S sake that he has escaped to battle for humanity.

Truly yours,

E. W. CAPRON.

P. S. How long have anti-slavery men and women to be mortified by the family quarrel between Foster and the Herald, or rather with Foster's war *upon* the Herald? for you have wisely withdrawn from such a disgraceful contention. It was mortifying enough to see a dispute in the anti-slavery ranks between Old and New-Organization, but now that is disposed of, it is still worse to see a clique, or a man and woman wage a war upon a faithful, aye, the *most* faithful anti-slavery sheet in the world, because it is not under *their* control. What does Stephen and Abby want? Does the Herald faulter? Is it less faithful than formerly? Cannot a paper contain anti-slavery matter unless it be trammeled and ENSLAVED by the "by authority" organization of a Committee? Where has the free tolerant spirit of a Foster flown, that he should make a war because the name of *one* man stands in a particular place, instead of an organization, of which he is *the whole?* Will Abby Kelley lend her influence to destroy the Herald, which she so loudly praised when in Western New York last? We of the West do not see the difference between the Herald then and now, and we are apprehensive that Abby can see none except that the name of John R. French stands in the place of an organization too poor to carry it on. I presume most of the readers of the paper are fully satisfied with it *as it is*, and will make every effort in their power to sustain it; and if any one is desirous of making himself or herself the high priest of an organization, we do not wish to take a paper trammeled by them. The time has come when abolitionists of Western New York will not pay much attention to organizations of *any* kind, but *will* sustain the Herald in its present efficient and independent course.* E. W. C.

*It is not the "Organization" even, that is intermeddling with the publication of the paper. The Anti-Slavery Society has no controversy with it. It is Stephen S. Foster. He began it, individually, and unofficially, and before the existence of "the Board" on whom he endeavors to cast it. Nearly two years ago he began it, and has been pestering the printing office with officious intermeddlings, from that time to this. He shields himself under "the Board," and publishes their doings and decrees. But he began the quarrel himself, before "the Board" had existence,—and arraigned the then Officers of the Society—of whom he was not one,—for not intermeddling, as he now does, with what did n't concern them. As he is now accusing me for not joining him against the publisher. I am not recovered enough to write a line,—but this last assault of Foster and his "Board" on the publisher—struggling as he is to keep the paper agoing, I cannot regard without a note of remark.

I would here remind friend Abby Kelley, whose name is on the last official document of "the Board," issued in the *name of the Society*, against the Herald, that I do not find her name among the *members of the Society*. Neither hers, nor Jacob Ela's, nor J. D. Norton's,—three out of the five "Board of Managers," who sign the document. They are all, no doubt, good "Managers" enough, but would it not be a little more in "organization" style—to join a Society, before undertaking to manage its affairs *officially*,—especially affairs, which do not belong to it, and which the Society has no wish to meddle with. I make no point of this,—but it is a sample of the headlong officiousness, with which this petty matter is carried on. Friend Ela belongs to *3d Party*. That may qualify *him* to "manage" the Herald of Freedom!—But I must drop the pen. Should I get able I will give some word of history of the publication of the paper. At present I am not able to take any part in preparing the Herald.—ED'R.

Herald of Freedom.

CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1844.

☞ We shall be necessarily absent this week, on business connected with the paper, and the young men in the office will get out such a paper as they may be able—a good one undoubtedly.—F.

The Times.

Strange and troublous they are—and such they will remain, until conquering Right stand triumphant upon the ruins of error and wrong. The world is, indeed, beset with mighty conflicts. Trampled and struggling humanity is writhing in its chains, sundering here and there a link, and lifting its free limbs in gratitude to Heaven. The TYRANT and the BIGOT start fearfully back at the sight. *They* see frightful omens in the captives falling fetters, and in the loosened tongue of the dumb. They tremble for their empire of oppression, for they read a terrible fate in the resistless tread of that Power which shakes the earth. But it will continue to quake—quake yet more terrible, until its heaving elements are purified; and the distressed and angry waters freed from their pollutions, shall rock themselves to rest.

Yes, the world's conflicts are momentous and varied. Not only is the crushed and imbruted Negro casting off *his* chains and *his* servitude, but universal Mind, gathering back, as it were its native energies and its *native rights*, and restless in its long captivity, has asserted its freedom in the very ear of tyranny, and pledged itself faithfully to an unfaltering defence of that freedom. And the pledge will be redeemed.—Crowns may fall—thrones may melt away—and sects be annihilated, but MIND will establish its empire of freedom and the Eagle eye shall guard it. Wo to the puny hand that is lifted to stay its progress or chain down its fetterless divinity. Its mission is the promulgation of truth, its conquering weapons free and fearless enquiry; having God for its protection and guide, and the universe for its dominion. Truth can never live where there is no freedom of thought. It flourishes only in the sunlight of reason and rational discussion, where it breathes a pure and healthy atmosphere. It may indeed be crushed down by the heel of superstition or tyranny—its enemies may pile a mountain weight upon it in the vain hope of arresting its career, but in its indistructible and immortal nature, it will at last arise in its phœnix spirit and go forth "conquering and to conquer."

"Truth, struck to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are her's;
But error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

Men in all ages seem to have been busy in protecting either their religious or philosophical opinions from innovation and attack. They have clung to their notions and their creeds with a strong idolatry, and plunged into a stubborn conflict in order to arrest the object of their worship from the touch of unholy hands.—They have called the axe and the stake—the scaffold and the dungeon to their aid. The Saviour himself died upon the cross to appease the troubled Jews—a victim to that jealousy and fear of truth, which have in every age, written its record in blood. A belief has always prevailed that the puny arm of man is necessary to guard the angel of Truth in her warfare upon earth—that its omnipotent and omniscient Author needs the assistance of erring and frail humanity in defending it against the attacks of heretics and infidels! And in obedience to this notion the martyr has bled and the innocent suffered torture.

Nor are the times much altered. There are jealous eyes and guardian hands to watch over the sacred rites and infallible sects of the present day. People are afraid to look bold and fearless enquiry full in the face—they cannot bear the "searching operation" of free discussion. Hence they are startled at every fluttering leaf and whisper of the breeze. They look about themselves in terror; expecting mischief in every movement that disturbs the old monotony of their course. "Property and standing" look aghast as though an avalanche was about to roll down upon their aristocratic retreats—legislators entrench themselves behind their wonted gags—mobocrats ape their betters in directing the vengeance of "public sentiment"—the Presbyterian inwalls his "church" and the Quaker bolts the door of his "meeting house"—orthodoxy props its falling steeple and the Reverend fears the soiling of his robe by sacrilegious hands. All are busy and perplexed lest the free spirit of free enquiry become too boisterous and ungovernable. They all betray a faltering faith—a lurking suspicion that they have "built upon the sand"—or why do they fear the tempest, even in its wrath? The temple that resteth upon the "rock" fears not the flood or the wind. The clear vision and the untroubled faith, relying on a mightier arm than man's and a holier guide than human wisdom, shrink from no scrutiny—fly from no contest. But the dim-sighted and the unspiritual quake in their habitations. And well they may.

Why should the human *mind* be enslaved more than the human *body?* The beneficent Creator has bestowed freedom alike on both.—But sorrowfully has that freedom been wrested from them. The merciless task-master has bowed the one into degrading servitude; bigotry and superstition have quenched the spirit and chained down the heaven-ward aspirations of the other. Even nominal freedom is but too frequently clogged by mental thraldom. We are not free to act as we ought. We love caste more than humanity—party more than country—and sect more than we do our "neighbor." We are too much disposed to follow obsequiously in the footsteps of some "illustrious predecessor"—casting aside all independence of mind and feeling, and becoming the veriest vassals on earth. Opinion is bought and sold as human flesh is at the South. Nor is this the worst. It is *forced* upon people. They *must* think and believe as their dictators decide. One man consults the demagogue as his oracle. Another looks up to "his minister"—and all very graciously bow to the majesty of PUBLIC OPINION. It is not strange, therefore, that people are so terrified when a few resolute and Luther-like spirits, scorning the trammels and restraints of the age, dare to attack the world's folly and corruption. Let the conflict go on, fiercely and terribly if it must, until the human mind shall triumph in its own disenthralment; and mankind ceases to be governed by unchristian prejudices or hereditary bigotry.—C.

THE ELECTION. The great political Easter in this State, has passed. That there are more *noses* in the Democratic ranks than in the others, nobody doubts. Consequently the vote of the State is for Governor Polk of Tennessee.—Political warfare depends wholly on numbers, or fraudulent voting. A victory gained in either way, is not very honorable. One politician cannot chase a thousand, nor two put ten thousand to flight. The thousand always chase the one. Vermont and New Hampshire exult over their political victories—but the only honor is, that the many have overcome the few.

Concord Town Meeting presented as usual, scenes of great disorder. Some of the "Fathers of the town," did not conduct with too much moderation. Most of the day was passed in an attempt to get a Moderator,—a most necessary appendage to a Concord Election, did he but exercise the powers that his appellation would seem to invest him with.

The vote showed that the people are growing more and more sick of politics. Nearly 1600 I am told, are on the check list, but the largest vote was only about 900. Dover had 400 absent, and many others in the same proportion. Concord did honor to herself on the question of abolishing Capital Punishment, three to one voting in its favor. The vote of the State, however, so far as returns have been received, will be in favor of the gallows.

Third party has gained nothing, or nearly nothing, in the State, from the vote of last spring.

The whole vote of the State, will be nearly 6000 less than in 1840,—about the only favorable incident, connected with the election.

F. F.

"The Lowell Offering."

This pleasant little monthly, has closed its 4th volume, and enters upon a new volume with the new year. The publishers wish us to say, that patrons will receive their January number in December. Our readers are aware that this Magazine is conducted by the Operatives of the Lowell Mills—and we can assure those unacquainted with its pages, that it is really a work of merit. Subscriptions received in this town, at McDaniel's Periodical Office.

F.

From the Congregational Journal.

Moses A. Cartland, Editor of the White Mountain Torrent, in a letter to the Middlesex Standard, copied into the Granite Freeman, ran as follows.

Now, be it known that this Mr. Torrey whom friend C. calls one of the clergy of New England, had abandoned the ministry and become a manufacturer of *Potato Starch*. And be it known also that the author of this coarse abuse of the New England ministers is an Editor of a Temperance paper in N. H., which he sends forth from week to week for the edification and countenance of the ministers and churches of the State. Look at the language, reader; what a fine exhibition of cultivated taste! How Quaker like its spirit! so rich in charity and refined sensibility.

Torrey and Walker.

CLINTON GROVE, WEARE, N. H., 10th mo., 2., 1844.

My Dear Whittier,—So villany yet strides unrebuked over the land! I say *unrebuked*;—for with the exception of a few free voices, and a few free presses, the outrage which the slave holding miscreants have perpetrated upon our northern freemen—our innocent brethren, Torrey and Walker—calls out no independent and startling protest from those who *ought* to be of free lips. The New England spirit couches in asinine obedience to the lordly beck of her master. She lifts her pale face in trembling terror at the whip-crack of the South; and tramples into the dust the insignia of her ancient prowess. Listen to the faint utterance of the braggart press—boasting in the sunshine and impudent when there is nothing to fear. It dares not unloose its slumbering thunder upon the head of southern slavery. Nay, it dares not syllable the paltry indignation of a whipped vassal. The dumb pulpit—deserted of her old moral heroes—her Edwards and her Emmons—presents an array of Lilliputian spirits whose dwarfish insignificance is paralleled only by their craven, time-serving cowardice. What says the pulpit on the incarceration of Torrey—on the doom of a life-long imprisonment which in all probability awaits him? Our clergymen, with a few brave exceptions, see *one of their own number* struck down as a sacrifice to the cabal-god of the South, without manifesting the common humanity which even the band exhibts for a fellow villain's misfortune. Do I speak severely? Do I exaggerate? Are not the great body of the clergy as dumb as marble? If they are not, why then this torpor among the people? Why is there no out-burst of honest, fearless rebuke—no startling public sentiment, lifting with earthquake power the moral world, and shaking the stagnant waters of society? Let those who carp at the bold word reply as best they can.

☞ The *pious* effusion of the Journal, of friend Cartland's true and stirring remarks relative to the imprisonment of Torrey and Walker, are said to be from the dainty pen of the Reverend and accomplished Professor, Benjamin P. Stone, of *what was once*, Plymouth Theological Institution. How contemptuously he treats Torrey's present occupation. "Abandoned the ministry and become a manufacturer of Potato Starch!" *Potato Starch* in letters to express his contempt, and to excite the devout risibles of his readers. As if a Starch Maker was below, even other honest laboring men—Starch, being so essential an ingredient in the composition of a modern minister, it ill becomes one of the Order to sneer at the manufacture of the article. "Shall the thing formed, say to him that formed it," &c.? As to Torrey's having "abandoned the ministry," I suppose he has, just as much as Professor Stone did, [or wanted to,] when he went to "manufacturing sectarian priests, at the *abortive* manufactory at Plymouth.

I am glad friend Cartland is admitted into the lymphatic Journal. It is not often that any thing so true, and so animated, gets into its *loagy* columns. There are among its readers many more than friend Stone dreamed of, who will respond to its stirring sentiments.—F. F.

A Suggestion.

MESSRS EDITORS—

As at the ensuing town meetings, throughout the State, on the 4th Nov., the sense of the people is to be taken on the question, "*Ought capital punishment to be abolished?*" I would respectfully suggest that each voter, before giving his vote, take his Bible in hand, and read without the help of any commentator, the following passages, viz: Gen. ix: 1—6; Numbers, xxxv: 30—34; 1 Kings, ii: 5—6; Rom. xiii: 1—4; 1 Tim. i: 8—10.

The above small matter, was inserted in several of our Concord papers, last week, at the request of Reverend *Nathaniel Bouton*. If Mr. Bouton has any arguments to offer in favor of the Gallows, why not let the people have them over his honest signature. What *argument* is refering to these bloody passages in the Old Testament?—F.

☞ The following article is from the Congregational Journal,—referred to in the last Herald. What clerical impudence! *This* too, is from the pen of *Reverend Nathaniel Bouton*. Read it.

Ministerial Authority.

In attempting to discuss the subject so indefinitely expressed, I am apprehensive that I may not communicate my ideas with the precision and clearness that its importance demands. In order however to open the subject, I propose in the first place, to cite some of the principal passages of scripture which pertain to Ministerial Authority.

"The priest's lips should keep knowledge and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts." Mal. 2: 7.

"Jesus said, All power is given unto me in heaven and earth; Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Matt. 29: 18—20.

"Know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord and admonish you." 1 Thess. 5: 12, 13. "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor." v. 17.

"Obey them which have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account."—Heb. 13: 17.

"These things speak and exhort, and rebuke with all authority." Pet. 2 : 15.

"Feed the flock of God, which is amongst you, taking the oversight thereof—not by constraint but willingly—neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock." 1 Pet. 5 : 2—4.

All the foregoing passages of Scripture clearly imply that ministers have authority; the proper question for discussion, I conceive to be, *What is the nature and extent of this authority?*

To this inquiry our answer is, in general, that whatever authority the ministers of Christ possess is contained in the commission which they derive from the Great Head of the church. The assumption is, that no man assumes the ministerial office, of himself; but is called of God, to it; and when duly invested with the office, then he is authorized to exercise whatever authority his commission confers. In particular,

1. He has authority to teach, in the name of the Lord. This is expressly given in the commission under which he acts; and accordingly all the public instructions of a minister should be delivered, not as advice or recommendation, but as having the seal of divine authority.

2. A minister has authority to administer the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, to all proper subjects. In doing this, he must act officially, not as one dependent upon the advice or consent of his church; but as responsible alone to his Divine Master.

3. A minister has authority to perform all the usual devotional exercises that pertain to public and social worship—to lead in such worship—to pray as the mouth of God for the people to God, and to pronounce benedictions in the name of the Lord.

4. He has authority to preside in the public assemblies of the church, for business; to explain the laws of Christ's kingdom in relation to all matters thereto pertaining, and to announce in a solemn and official manner the decisions of the church, in respect of offenders.—This authority is implied, in *ruling* the church of God; and in what is properly called the "power of the keys," as entrusted to the apostles, and through them to the ordinary ministers of the word.

5. Ministers have authority to ordain others to the sacred office, in accordance with the requisitions of Scripture; and by implication have equal authority to depose such as prove themselves unworthy.

In the foregoing views, there will probably be no essential disagreement among us as ministers of Congregational churches. Nor shall we hesitate to avow that the higher authority which ministers of some other denominations claim, is without divine warrant: for example, Christ has given no authority to his ministers, to bind the consciences of men, as to things indifferent; to exact penances of offenders, to declare sins forgiven; or to receive into or exclude from the church without the consent and action of the brotherhood. The authority moreover, which we are allowed to exercise, is not in any respect that of force or even arbitrary will; but rather that of instruction, example and persuasion, as founded on Scripture. "Not as lords over God's heritage." "Not that we have dominion over your faith:" On which passages, Barnes offers the judicious remark, "That the apostles did not prescribe the things to be believed in a lordly and imperative manner; nor would they make use of the severity of power to enforce what they taught.—They appealed to reason; they employed persuasion; they made use of light and love to accomplish their desires." And hence I conclude with the general remark, that the attempt by pastors of churches to carry into effect their own opinions or measures, without first convincing the members of their worth and importance, by solid and scriptural arguments, is a departure from apostolical precept and example.—B.

☞ The Congregational Journal has a correspondent in Florida, whose "*taste*" is doubtless more agreeable to the refined protempore Editor, than is that of Moses A. Cartland.—And then, too, he has a streak of piety running through his chaste and elegant periods, as will be seen from the following extract. The writer is giving a description of the social and religious habits of the people of Bel Air, a little jungle of slaveholders between Tallahassee and St. Marks. "Scattered about in the yard behind the houses," the writer says, are, "a storehouse, a house or two for negroes to sleep in, a crib, a hen coop, a stable and other necessary out-houses, all built of logs, and surrounded with a Virginia fence." Hen-coops, horse-stables, hog-pens and hovels for negroes, in the same yard, and that, the back yard of Florida's "*pleasant society*." The writer, it will be seen, likens himself, and very properly, to the animal famous in the biography of Balaam; but I think he should ask pardon of his '*ass-inine* quadruped' for the comparison. Just read the extract.—P. P.

"We think we may boast of as pleasant *society* in this place as can be found in the Southern country. We have a very good society in Tallahassee during the winter season, but the mode of living here makes it far more pleasant.—The houses are near each other, and all ceremonious restraint is thrown off, so that the whole place is but as one large family. The people are very hospital and very sociable—indeed the time would be apt to hang heavy on their hands, did they not cultivate social habits and intercourse; insomuch as there is nothing in the way of public amusement or other usual winter avocations, to divert the attention. A Bel Air "gathering" as I may term it can be got up at any moment, and rides, and walks, and social parties are much in vogue. We have any quantity of young ladies, who are mostly intelligent, accomplished and agreeable. I fear me I would soon become a Benedict here, as desperate a case of confirmed bachelorism as I am, were it not that I am in a fix something like that of the asinine quadruped between the two stacks of hay—I don't know which to prefer.

We have no regular preaching here; but we have a sermon read every Sabbath, and a Bible class, Sabbath school and weekly prayer meeting. Many attend church in town on the Sabbath."

☞ Frederick Haseltine is hereby informed of the seasonable and safe arrival of his excellent and handsome chairs. They will be put to use in a few days. There is no *wear-out* to them,—or I might say, they are to be worn-out in the service of humanity.—P. P.

☞ My friend E. W. Capron, will take notice—I have no bill against him; the new subscribers he has frequently sent us, and his excellent communications, have much more than paid all. His former communication was not omitted, from the cause he supposed—but was wholly accidental. The September papers will be forwarded with the exception of a single number, which we have not. J. R. P.

☞ The *National Anti-Slavery Standard's* notice of the Herald of Freedom.

Herald of Freedom.

We regret exceedingly to learn from the Address of the Board of Managers of the New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, in the Herald of October the eighteenth, that the young publisher of the paper has pursued a course of conduct towards the Society, in regard to it, which appears to us incapable of justification. The Herald of Freedom is the property and the organ of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, and no services of an individual member in sustaining it, can make it his, or give him a title to manage it in any way contrary to the wishes and directions of the Society, as expressed by its official servants. It is to be hoped that, instead of letting the case go against him by default,—as the publisher for the lack of justification is obliged to do,—he will relinquish his present indefensible position, and place himself where he stood before these unhappy transactions, by ingenuously acknowledging his error and honorably restoring its property to the officers of the Society. We cannot but believe that he will perceive on more mature reflection that this is the most graceful, as well as the only honorable way of extricating himself from his present unpleasant predicament.

Abolitionists of all men should be scrupulously careful that they do not confound *liberty* with *license*. We hope that the publisher of the Herald will perceive, and never forget that a religious regard for the rights of others is essential to the enjoyment of true individual freedom.—Q—[*Edmund Quincy.*]

Society as it is.

Take a bird's eye view of society as it really is. See the race bound together by one universal chain and sympathy, and adapted to one great brotherhood. See this chain broken and almost lost, this earth, the common and equal inheritance of each successive generation, competent to supply more than one hundred times the wants of the race, cut up and, in the hands of a mere fraction, who have acquired it by mere conquest, inheritance, traffic, or open and illegal plunder.

See the poor miserable victim, plundered of the earth, humbly but vainly imploring of his equal brother the privilege of working upon his own rightful soil, *starving*, while the grainaries groan with an abundant harvest. See how man is made poor—how the poor are driven to steal and rob—how the rich merchant is tempted to buy of the producer as cheap as possible, and then sell to the consumer for as much as he can get. See how the rich combine their wealth, erect large factories, introduce labor-saving machinery, swallow up individual enterprise and thus make the poor labor on their own terms or starve. See how money secures honor, standing and influence, and behold the desperate efforts which the cunning and the great put forth to get it. See how men who do the least are sure to get the most. Take John Tyler.—What does he do but sign bills and vetoes? Yet he gets $25,000. Take the President's Secretary of State, and whose work is more than that of the President, and he gets but $6000. Take the Secretary's clerk, who probably does more than the President and Secretary, and he gets but $2000;—and now take the cook, who does probably more work than the three already named, and he gets about two hundred dollars. This principle operates in commerce. The same gradation may be made of the merchant upon shore, the captain, mate and crew on board. It holds good in manufactures. This gradation runs through, from the proprietor and agent, down to the foreman and operative. The whole depends upon superior powers, upon foresight, cunning, tact and energy. The baser passions of our nature must be kept active, to enable us to live. If we would succeed in getting the means to enable us to be comfortable when sick, and when old, and to be enabled to edueate our children, and leave them something to start upon, in life—if we would do this, we must trample upon couscience, and smother our benevolence. To live, the unemployed are tempted to burn our dwellings, shops and storehouses. This gives employment. Each man's hand is raised against his fellow. All is strife and contention. For the poor, and weak, and ignorant, there is no chance. The government stands ready to check the progress of free principles, by the power of the sword. The clergy cry out to the top of their lungs, "it's all the result of your wicked and depraved hearts."—"You must be regenerated." "We are God's chosen instruments, as agents to accomplish this great work." Shall we be longer deceived by this priestly cry? We now know the cause of our sufferings. Ignorance of the laws of the true social state, has been our misfortune. But we have now discovered them, and we must make them clear to the people. If these laws are the true laws of man's nature, then will man seize on them, and reduce them to practice. If not, they will fall to the ground. We wish to convince the people that these are the true laws, and that their true interest lies in obeying these laws. This is the secret of our opposition to the Clergy, to the Church and State. To all these old institutions, based upon darkness and mysticism, cunning, fraud and violence.—*John A. Collins.*

The Richmond Inquirer, in speaking of the domestic slave trade, says that slaves to the amount of one million of dollars have been sent from that city to the south-west, and argues strongly for the annexation of Texas, because the price of negroes will be raised by it!—It has been estimated by some southern men that annexation would raise the price of slaves fifty per cent. According to Mr. Clay's estimate, it would be to add six hundred millions of dollars to the nominal wealth of the slave States, to be divided up among 250,000 slaveholders. Is it at all wonderful that they are for annexation?

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Convention at Abington.

This Convention, which was advertised in the last Freeman, was held on Monday last according to appointment. It was moderately well attended, and its proceedings highly spirited. There being no business, technically speaking, to be transacted, and the object of the meeting being altogether for discussion and speech-making, it was agreed to dispense with a chairman, and secretary, and other usual forms of organization, and to hold a Free Meeting. One or two persons seemed to think there ought to be a chairman to preserve order, and rules to prevent speakers from taking up more than their due space of time in the discussions; but it was replied that the meeting itself would be the best chairman, and might be fully trusted to keep itself in order; and that one of the most certain ways of curtailing freedom and introducing embarassment, was to pass a rule, limiting the time to be occupied by each of the speakers. So the experiment of a Free Meeting was tried, and the result fully realized the expectations of those who spoke in its favor. The discussions were kept up with unabated interest from the time of commencing in the morning till about 6 o'clock in the evening; allowing about an hour's space at noon for refreshment. The debate of course took a wide range, and a variety of topics were introduced.

* * * * *

The principal speakers that took part in the meeting were, C. C. Burleigh, Lucretia Mott, Dr. Hiram Corson, Mary Grew, Dr. Harris, David Coggins, Pascal Coggins, Edward M. Davis, Oliver Paxon and J. M. Mc'Kim.

The Unity of Reforms.

The spirit of humanity is one. All its interests are in perfect unity. Its great central truth is *the brotherhood of man*. All reforms, therefore, which are built upon that platform, must progress together. They cannot clash. The friends of one of them must be the friends of all. Their interests are necessarily and eternally identical. For this reason, I make no *apologies* for *occupying* so much of my space with anti-slavery articles. I do it frequently for the express purpose of vindicating the essential unity of all true reforms. Whoever takes offence at this course, does not understand the deep meaning of the Washingtonian movement. That movement is not selfish—no humane movement can be. It throbs with sympathy in behalf of every enterprise which tends to lift man from the dust. It knows nothing of envy or jealousy. It is sky-high above them both. Whoever complains, therefore, of the Essex County Washingtonian, that it frequently, (as to-day) intermeddles with extraneous reforms, may be sure he is no true reformer. He may be honest in his view, and really fear that if moral reforms are not scrupulously distinct, they will clash. But this is an idle fear, and it will be well for his soul that he dispossess himself of it *instanter*. I repeat the idea—and it cannot be repeated too often—that moral reforms are gregarious by their very nature, and *must* go together.—*Essex Co. Washingtonian.*

The End of the World.

The Millerites are again disappointed. A few of them, however, are still looking for the coming of the Lord, in all this week. Their expectation is founded upon some passage of Scripture in relation to the Feast of Tabernacles—what, I do not precisely know. J. V. Himes, who has been preaching in this city, within a few days past, being convinced that their calculations are at fault, advises all to acknowledge it, and return to their various duties, and be busy in good works. I hope that the advice will be heeded, and that those who have heretofore been active Abolitionists, will "remember those in bonds as bound with them," and return to labor in the good cause. We need their assistance, and their zeal. If the end of the world is not near, the end of Slavery, we hope, is. This is something, which if we can't calculate, we can work for, and it is a work in which, were the Lord to come soon, we may be glad to be found engaged in.—*A. S. Standard.*

"*They would rob us of the Bible!*"—Ha! ha! ha! I have known nations to be robbed of their property, of their liberty, and of every thing that pride or avarice could covet; I have seen the organ of acquisitiveness manifest itself in a thousand ways, and lay its hands on almost every thing *except* sermons and Bibles—but I cannot believe that any man would ever think of stealing these. For my own part, I would rather insure a thusand Bibles against theft than one umbrella. Besides, is not the Bible a *foreign* book? Was it not orignally written in *foreign* languages, and even translated into English by *foreign* priests at the command of a *foreign* king? Then why not banish it from the American soil, and allow the "Native American" Bible of Joe Smith to take its place?—*N. Y. Workingman's Advocate.*

☞ Extract from a Speech of Mike Walsh, before the New England Convention of Mechanics and Laborers, held at Boston, October 16—17, 1844.

"Labor is a commodity, and its value is regulated like that of any other, by the demand which the market affords. We have commenced a great and glorious movement in behalf of suffering humanity, and for God's sake beware how you suffer it to be desecrated and prostituted by designing, dishonest demagogues, and political vultures, who are solely actuated in joining any body of men, by the selfish and despicable desire of aggrandizing themselves by its pollution and destruction. (Cheers.) Have nothing to do with them. They will praise and glorify you with honied phrases before election, and look down upon you with as much affected contempt as though you were dogs after it is once over. They will call you the bone and sinew and work you on their contracts until the light of a candle can be seen through your starved and collapsed carcasses.—These craven dogs always wait till other men have fought a movement or principle into popularity in defiance of their opposition, before they dare think of subscribing to it. We have to go as pioneers into the social and political wilderness, cut down its trees—dig up the deep-rooted stumps—plow the ground—sow the seed, and reap the harvest, after which these political freebooters come in and steal the whole proceeds of our labor.—(Loud and long continued cheering.) There are hundreds of men present from the different towns and villages of New England, all of whom agree upon one point, and that point is, that the present system of society is wrong in theory and wrong in practice. All the speakers unite on this, but none have attempted to point out even the shadow of a remedy. This I shall now do, and the measure which I am about to submit to this Convention, immeasureably transcends in all engrossing importance any measure which has ever been agitated in the social or political world. I propose to give every man, who is willing to work, a sufficient portion of the vast domain, known as the "public lands," to sustain himself and family in comfort and independence.—These lands are held in trust by the general government for us, and unless the shameless speculation and peculation too, by which they are fast falling into the hands of unprincipled and unfeeling capitalists, be speedily checked, and all further traffic in them prevented, we shall be deprived forever of the only means by which the producing classes can now be saved from lasting ruin and irreclaimable debasement. Yes! some immediate action must be taken to make the public lands free to actual settlers—this and this only will prevent the working classes of this country from becoming as servile, as abject, as degraded, and as helpless in their condition as the serfs of Europe.—(Great applause.)

After enlarging considerably upon the land question he advocated as an immediate measure a uniform reduction of the hours of labor throughout the whole Union, and closed amidst the most deafening applause."

Medicine Taking.—"I declare my conscientious opinion founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-mid-wife, chemist, druggist, or drug on the face of the earth there would be less sickness and less mortality than now obtains. When we reflect that physic is a 'conjectual art'—that the best physicians make mistakes—that medicine is administered by hosts of quacks—that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all—and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious they had no remedy from drugs—these and many other facts will show, that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But, as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes—rich and poor—with hope of regaining health and prolonging life; and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions!"—*James Johnson.*

Dryburgh Abbey, where the body of Walter Scott lies buried, is the property of the Earl of Buchan. Over the lodge gate, at the entrance to the Abbey grounds, is a sign on which is painted, in large letters, placed there in all seriousness, by order of the countess of Buchan, which runs thus: "SLAVEHOLDERS FROM AMERICA NOT ADMITTED."

A poor workman in Altona, has recently come into possession of a fortune of £1,500,000 by the death of his brother, who lately died at Demerara.

Notices.

State Convention

Of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society, to be held at Concord, N. H., Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Nov. 29th, 30th, and Dec. 1st, 1844.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society, it was

Voted, That a special meeting of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society be called at Concord, on Friday, Nov. 29th, and continue through Saturday and Sunday.

It is hoped there will be a large gathering of the Abolitionists of New Hampshire, and New England, on the occasion, as there will be much business of importance to act upon. Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Abby Kelley, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Parker Pillsbury, and Jane E. Hitchcock have engaged to be present, and the Convention cannot fail to be one of great interest.

J. H. Ela, *Secretary.*

Concord, Nov. 6, 1844.

Ladies' Fair.

The friends of the Slave in Concord, design to hold a Fair on Friday eve, Nov 29th for the sale of useful and fancy articles,—the avails of which are to be given into the hands of the Executive Committee of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society, for the support of Agents in the State. They would take this opportunity to invite all interested in the cause, to assist them in this undertaking by contributing any articles suitable for the Fair. Further particulars hereafter.

Iva P. Bullard,
Esther W. Currier,
Louisa W. Wood,
Sarah H. Pillsbury,
Elizabeth Wyatt,
A. S. White.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the R. I. State Anti-Slavery Society, will be holden at the "New Mechanic's Hall," in "Washington Building," Providence, commencing on Wednesday, November 20th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue in session two or three days.

Arrangements have been made to secure the attendance of a number of able and efficient speakers.

The Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society will furnish refreshments for those attending.

It is confidently expected that there will be a meeting of great interest, as a number of interesting and important questions will come up for its consideration. Let the Abolitionists of Rhode Island be there *en masse*. To our friends in other States, we say "COME!"

In behalf of the Board,

A. Paine, Secretary.

PROSPECTUS.

A new Paper to be published weekly during the next session of the Massachusetts Legislature, in Thirteen numbers, to be entitled:

The Hangman.

The Subscriber proposes to publish a weekly Periodical, to be continued in Thirteen numbers only, during the Session of the next Legislature of Massachusetts. He has thought that such a paper would be eminently calculated to advance the glorious period when the barbarous law of Capital Punishment would no longer disgrace our Statutes.

Notwithstanding the numerous publications of the day, there is no one expressly devoted to this interesting subject. Having collected a great variety of facts and anecdotes in reading and travelling, the subscriber feels that he could do much towards enlightening the public mind on the punishment of Death. Many interesting facts will be given relating to the state of Prisons in this country and in Europe.

The Hangman will be published in folio size, at the low price of twenty five cents for the whole 13 Numbers. Should 500 subscribers be obtained, the first number will be published early in December. Names may be forwarded to the subscriber, or to Fox & Jackson, 11 Devonshire St., Boston. Address

CHARLES SPEAR,
21 London Street, Boston

THE BOSTON ALMANAC.
For 1845.

The Proprietor of this Almanac respectfully informs the Public that it will be ready for sale early in December. The forthcoming number will be the richest and most tastily got up volume of any yet published. A splendid new map of the City of Boston, nearly a foot square, has been engraved expressly for the work.—The Almanac will contain a *Business Directory* of all the Business People in Boston, classed as usual under their appropriate business heads.—All useful information respecting public conveyances to and from the city, and all local matters of interest to the Public, in or out of Boston, will be found in this Almanac.

Orders may be sent to Messrs. Thomas Groom & Co. 82 State street, Boston, or to the office of the proprietor,

S. N. DICKINSON,
52 Washington street

Remittances for two weeks.

Wm. A. Butterfield, Weare	[illegible]
John Merrill, Concord	[illegible]
Mehitable Eastman, Franklin, Donation	[illegible]
Israel A. Putnam, Hanover	[illegible]
David B. Rowe, Plymfield	[illegible]
Samuel Flint, Jr., Lyme	1 [illegible]
Edward Flint, Albany, Vt.	1 00
Wm. A. Butterfield, Weare	1 20
D. Gove, Henniker	[illegible]
John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y.	[illegible]
Thomas Whalley, Charlotte, Vt.	1 00
T. Kimball, Pembroke	2 00
Asa McClure, Amherst	1 00
Eben Wheeler, Stratford, Conn.	1 00

Poetry.

From a London Paper.

To my Departed Wife.

BY A WORKING MAN—J. BOYLE, OF MANCHESTER.

Oh, Harri t, dear departed wife!
Though ever prized by me,
I never duly felt till now
How much I've owed to thee.
The busy town, the quiet fields,
Through which we used to stray,
Seem but a dreary wilderness
Since thou wert called away.

But most, when evening's stilly hour
To weary toil brings rest,
I miss the smile and pleasant words
That oft have made me blest;
And Isabel, our darling child,
While nestling on my knee,
Wakes many a thought of faded joy
With prattling tales of thee.

It seems, methinks, but yesterday,
Though twelve long years have gone,
When we before the altar knelt,
And join'd our hearts in one;—
When, caring not for grief's to come,
While all around us smiled,
We revelled 'midst the joys of Spring,
Gay as our youngest child.

The laughing spring, with flowery wreaths,
Will come again ere long,
And many a grove and bloomy copse
Be rife with joyous song;
But Spring may spread her treasures rare
On coppice, hill, and tree,
Since thou canst feel her charms no more,
They'll bloom in vain for me.

Oh, I am very lonely now!
For though our friends are kind,
And use each little art to soothe
My dark and troubled mind,
Yet still, at best, they are but friends,
And, kind although they be,
I can't unlock my heart to them,
As once I could to thee.

Oh, when I gaze, as oft I do,
Upon our children dear,
My lonely heart is swelling then
With mingled grief and fear;
I think, as through life's scenes they go,
Beset with many a snare,
How much they'll need such love as thine—
Such kind and watchful care.

But, Harriet, for those dear ones' sake,
So much beloved by thee,
I'll try to stifle vain regrets,
Though hard the task may be;
I'll teach them, love, in virtue's light
To tread life's varied scene;—
To take the path that thou hast trod—
To be what thou hast been.

Miscelany.

The Silver Tankard.

On the slope of land opening itself to the south, in a thickly settled town in the State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago stood a farm-house to which the epithet of "comfortable" might be applied. The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields, beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them. The house stood at the very verge of settlement, so that from it no cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his home, but, prospectively, as the home of his children and his children's children. He was willing to be far off from men, that his children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front and one behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains.—It was full of the comforts of life,—the furniture even a little "showy" for a Puritan; when the table was set, there was, to use the Yankee phrase, 'considerable' silver plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother country.

Now, we go back to this pleasant valley as it was a bright and beautful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday, and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gordon and the hired man had gone to meeting, on foot, down to the "Landing," a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himself was standing at the door with the horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife who had been somewhat detained; for even then, in those primitive times, the women would be a little backward,—for the last word or the last house-keeping duty. He was standing on the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread out before him.—At that instant a neighbor of six miles distance, rode up on horseback and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon,' said he, 'I have come out of my way in going to meeting to tell you that Tom Smith—that daring thief—with two others has been seen prowling about in these parts, and that you'd better look out lest you have a visit. I have got nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after the silver tankard, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for these new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal, the better. I dont think it safe for you all to go meeting to-day;—but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good bye."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl about nine years old. Shall I stay or go, was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in His temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father and his little Hitty was the light and joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unflinching. He soon settled the point. 'I won't even take Hitty with me, for it will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come,—neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands, and we will go to worship Him who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him." As he settled this, the girl and the mother came out: the mother stepped into the chaise; the father after her, saying to the child, "If any stangers come, Hitty, treat them well. We can spare of our abundance to the poor. What is silver or gold when we think of God's word?"—With these words on his lips he drove off, a troubled man in spite of his religious trust, because he left his daughter in the wilderness alone.

Little Hitty, as the daughter of a Puritan, was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to the house; but nature this once, at least, got the better of her training. 'No harm,' thought she, 'for me to see the brood of chickens.' Nor did she when she had given them water, go into the house but loitered and lingered, hearing the robin sing, and followed with her eye the bobo'lincoln as he flitted from shrub to shrub.—She passed almost an hour out of the house because she did not want to be alone, and she did not feel alone when she was out among the birds and was gathering here and there a wild flower. But at last she went in, took her Bible and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading and sometimes looking out.

As she was seated there, she saw three men coming up towards the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she felt lonely, and there was a dreary long day before her. 'Father,' thought she, 'meant something when he told me to be kind to strangers. I suppose he expected them. I wonder what keeps them all from meeting. Never mind; they shall see that I can do something for them, if I am little Hitty."—So putting down the Bible she ran to meet them, happy, confiding, and even glad that they had come; and without waiting for them to speak, she called to them to come in with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here she would do more for you, but I will do all I can;'—and all this with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good to others, and glad to please her father whose last words were,—to spare of their abundance to the weary traveller.

Smith and his two companions entered. Now it was neither breakfast time nor dinner time, but about half way between both; yet little Hitty's head was full of the direction—'spare of our abundance,' and almost before they were fairly in the house she asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, 'Yes I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry." This was indeed a civil speech for the thief, who half starved had been lurking in the woods to watch his chance to steal 'the silver tankard' as soon as the 'men folks' had gone to meeting. 'Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat;' asked Hitty. 'We can't wait,' was the reply, 'give us what you have ready as soon as you can." "I am glad you don't want me to cook for you.—but I would if you did,—because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays.' Then away she tripped about making her preparations for their repast.—Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean white cloth, and placed upon it the silver tankard full of the 'old orchard,' with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold meat. I don't know why the silver spoons were put on, perhaps little Hitty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith and with a courtesy told him that dinner was ready.

The child had been so busy in arranging her table, and so thoughtful of her housewifery, that she took little or no notice of the appearance of her guests. She did the work as cheerily and freely, and was as unembarrassed as if she had been surrounded by her father and mother and brothers. One of the thieves sat down doggedly, with his hands on his knees and his face down almost to his hands, looking at the same time on the floor. Another, a younger and better looking man, stood confused and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken to his trade, and often would go to the window and look out, keeping his back on the child. Smith on the other hand looked unconcerned, as if he had quite forgotten his purpose. He never took his attention off the child, following her with his eye as she bustled about in arranging the dinner table; there was even a half smile on his face. They all moved to the table, Smith's chair at the head, one of his companions on each side, the child at the foot, standing there to help her guests and to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need

The men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, looking occasionally from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly, and said—'Come! let's go.' 'What" exclaimed the older robber, 'go with empty hands when this silver is here.' He seized the tankard. 'Put that down!' shouted Smith; I'll shoot the man who takes a single thing from this house!'

Poor Hitty at once awakened to a sense of the character of their guests; with terror in her face and yet with a child like frankness she ran to Smith; took hold of his hand, and looked into his face as if she felt sure that *he* would take care of her.

The old thief, looking to his young companion and finding that he was ready to give up the job, and seeing that Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, growling like a dog which has a bone taken from him—"fool! catch me in your company again,"—and with such expressions left the house, followed by the other. Smith put his hand on the head of the child and said, 'Don't be afraid—stay quiet in the house—nobody shall hurt you." Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in Him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiving that went up that evening from the family altar!

A year or two after this Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, was tried and condemned to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in jail in the seaport town to wait for the dreadful day when he was to be hung up as a dog between heaven and earth. Gordon could not keep away from him; he felt drawn to the protector of his daughter, and went down to see him.—When he entered the dungeon, Smith was seated, his face was pale, his air tangled and matted together,—for why should he care for his looks; there was no expression in his countenance, except that of irritation from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his *brother* man; he did not rise, nor even look up, nor return the salutation of Gordon, who continued to stand before him. At last, as if wearied beyond endurance he asked, "What do you want of me? Can't you let me alone even here?"

"I am come," said Gordon, "to see you, because my daughter told me all you did for her when you —— ——."

As if touched to the heart, Smith's whole appearance changed, expresson of deep interest came over his features, he was altogether another man. The sullen indifference passed away in an instant. Are you the father of this little girl? Oh what a dear child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her! That's one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I kiss her once, I think I should feel happier." In this hurried manner he poured out an intensity of feeling little supposed to lie in the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whispering of peace beyond the grave for the penitent, smoothing in some degree his passage through the dark valley, and did not return to his family until Christian love could do no more for an erring brother, on whom scarcely before had the eye of love rested, whose hand had been against all men because their hands had been against him.

I have told the story more at length and interwoven some unimportant circumstances, but it is before you substanially as it was related to me. The main incidents are true, though, doubtless, as the story has been handed down from generation to generation, it has been colored by the imagination. The silver tankard as an heir loom has descended in the family—the property of the daughter named Mehitable, and is now in the possession of the lady of a clergyman in Massachusetts.

What a crowd of thoughts do these incidents cause to rush upon the mind! How sure is the overcoming of evil with good.—How truly did Jesus Christ know what was in the heart of man. How true to the best feelings of human nature are even the outcasts of society. How much of our virtue do we owe to our position among men.—How inconsistent with christian love is it to put to death our brother, whose crimes arise mainly from the vices and wrong structure of society. How incessant should be our exertions to disseminate the truth, that the world may be reformed, and the law of love be substituted for the law of vengeance. The reader will not, however, need our help to make the right use of the guarding of the "silver tankard" by the kindness and innocence of a child.

[The sweet spirited moral of this simple tale, developes the beauty, the omnipotence of the law of love. There is a world of illustration in it; the out-shadowing of the principle of magnificent immortality, to which adhering, men and women and very little children may take hold of the great attributes of God, and become mighty through them to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan; to the subduing of human hearts brimful of murder and the strong lusts of malice; insomuch that, from its great power on human and inhuman hearts, they that work with it shall be called the children of God. Wonderful principle! one can chase a thousand with it, and more too, of the world's worst villains. It gives to the kindly speaking eye, the tiny hand, the silvery tone of the child, a power that takes away a giant's strength and makes a coward of him. It stops the iron mouths of murderous mortars, and the cannon of great navies, and turns the steel forests of bristling bayonets into wood. Put it around a little hamlet, and it renders it more impregnable than a triple wall of semi-ferreous Gibraltar.

There is Ireland, with all her vices, and she is dreadfully cursed with them. She is struggling for freedom, or something of the kind. Had she a hundred ships of the line, she would fight for it, and be beaten out of existence. And even as it is—fleets or armies—she has too much physical strength—quite too much; O'Connell is more afraid of it than of the whole British empire.—Well, being encompassed, embosomed, by the most gigantic power on earth, Ireland—without any virtuous leaning that way—seizes upon the great principle of Peace, to work out a revolution which, by force of arms, would cost her more blood than could run within the banks of the Shannon. Old iron-hearted Wellington would that she had stolen the whole British navy, rather than have gotten possession of such an uncomeat-able, uncombatable principle. If he or sir Robert could bribe an Irishman to fire off a rusty musket or throw his shilallah at a red coat, they could easily tread out the hope of Ireland beneath the iron heel of war. But the warm-blooded revolutionists, loving peace, not because they love war less, but Ireland more, assemble by acres to get their courage not warmed but frozen to a *sticking* point by the peace-breathing eloquence of the Liberator. Thus, this bloodless, cold water revolution goes on with ubiquitous potency; while the British government, with armies and fleets enough to turn the Emerald Island upside down is put *hors du combat* by this *ruse de paix*.—Against this omnipotent principle, her paixhan guns are of no more avail than so many pop-guns; nor is her soldiery better than a cloud of red-coated spectres armed with moon-beams. Here, now, is O'Connell in the midst of London, *revolutionizing* in broad day light, and within hearing of St. James, and of twenty thousand more doubtful saints. Ye French revolutionists, what was the biggest thing proposed by your maddest democracy? was it of such magnitudinous conception as "*Repeal?*"—Come, then, to London, Edinburgh, Dublin, or any place where this giant Irishman speaks with the people, and learn the secret of his power and Ireland's strength and victory, "REMEMBER, NO POLITICAL CHANGE IS WORTH A SINGLE DROP OF HUMAN BLOOD." There, ye Girondists, ye Jacobins, ye Men of the Mountain, what think ye of that? In that motto is the hiding and the revelation of his power, and the sovereignty of his brave-hearted people. *In hoc signo omnia vincit.* There is democracy for you, that never came within the remotest vision of your bloody ethics; a democracy that will lift from the breast of humanity the heaviest form of despotism, without a single crime, or a drop of human blood.—*Christian Citizen.*

From the Essex Co. Washingtonian.

Common Courtesies.

It is the little every day courtesis of life which betray the true Christian and gentleman—those little expressions of regard and interest, those little kindnesses and forbearances, which he has an opportunity to practice every hour of his life. They are the unfailing indices of character. They are more eloquent of virtue than all great actions or high sounding professions. The heart from which they do not continually flow like sparkling streams adown the hill side, you may depend upon it, is barren of all true excellence. That religion which consists in large gifts to the Church treasury; scrupulous attendance upon Church meetings; unqualified adherence to creeds and creed makers; harsh judgments of the wicked; and great devotion to the far-off heathen; but which sets at naught the 'sweet charities of life'—and makes no account of the common courtesies of society, is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. The hearty 'How d'ye do;' 'God be with you;' 'I'm glad to see you;' 'Good luck to you;' and all the other greetings which are so often interchanged by passers-by, fall upon the heart like seed sown in good ground, and give growth to all those gentle affections and humble virtues which are to the mind what the luxuriant undergrowth of shrubs and flowers are to the earth. The smile of kindness which you bestow upon the care-worn laborer falls like sunshine upon his heart and warms all his faculties into new life and beauty. The word of comfort which you speak to the homeless wanderer goes deep down into his soul and kindles a new fire among the decaying embers of his mind. The mark of esteem and reverence which you extend to the aged man on whose brow is written, in deep characters, the history of many sorrows, recalls to his mind the faded hopes and joys of youth, and causes his pulse to beat with renewed vigor and his eyes to glisten with unwonted brilliance. The look of sympathy shed upon the child of sorrow, or the word of consolation whispered into his ear, extracts the poison from his cup of sorrow and tinges with the golden hues of hope, the cloud which beshadows his path.

In the hallowed precincts of home, how much depends upon the countless and nameless acts of a kindly spirit! How often a kind word or a reproving smile will extinguish the spark of harsh feeling which else had been fanned by the rude breath of passion into a devouring flame! By warding off an unkind expression of hasty wrath with a forbearing and forgiving look, how easily we disarm all anger and restore the soul to serenity and love! Is there a quarrel—a fierce dispute—a war of words, in the family circle, how easily one gentle spirit will subdue the elements, and make the thoughtless destroyers of domestic peace hang their heads with shame, and heartily repent of their ill-considered difficulty.

Oh, my friends, it is these words of kindly remembrance, sown along the dusty thorouhgfare of life, which make the poetry of life, and which, falling upon a heart which has been broken up by vicissitudes, take deep root, and soon garnish the mind with flowers of perennial beauty.

☞ We learn from the Philadelphia papers, that bills for inciting to riot have been found against Mr. Levin, member elect of Congress, and Mr. Watmough, ex-member.

From the Essex County Washingtonian.

The Bible.

Why is this repository of ancient history and literature, written by the greatest minds which have ever visited the earth, and inspired by the Almighty with the loftiest strains of eloquence and truth; why is this vast mine of intellectual and spiritual wealth so poorly appreciated and so little studied? This is a question of vital importance. Here is a book, which, independent of its divine authority stamped upon almost every page, stands alone, unrivalled, unapproached as the masterpiece of the world's literature, and yet few out of the pale of the priesthood are at all acquainted with its beauties. Rich beyond all comparison in bold and glowing imagery, breathing, throughout, the most stirring eloquence, betraying in every line thorough mastery of the human soul—its poetry of such dazzling brilliance as to astonish and overawe the most gigantic minds which the world has ever produced—it is looked upon by the great majority of readers as a book fit only for spiritual enthusiasts, and bigoted fanatics. It is read as a task and not as a delight. It is approached with an undefinable awe which beclouds its beauty, and renders its light dull and uncertain. How shall we account for this strange state of things? And what is of more importance, how shall we brush the dust from its neglected leaves, scatter the mist which envelops its pages, and induce reflecting and intelligent people to search after its hidden treasures, and explore its unfathomable mines?

In answer to the first question, I would reply, it has been looked upon with an unnatural reverence and a superstitious fear. The shadow of the Church has fallen upon it and obscured its brightness. It has been buried up beneath uncounted volumes of stupid commentary, and barrel upon barrel of dingy sermons. Sectarians have placed false sign-boards over every passage, puzzling the mind with all manner of foolish directions and false indices. Verse after verse has been wrenched from its proper connection, and perverted to all manner of base uses. In this way the pure stream of living waters, gushing fresh from the great fountain of truth, has been darkened and polluted until it seems to have lost all its healing and invigorating power. To drop the simile and speak the naked truth, the Bible has been so outrageously abused, that men lay it, carelessly, upon the shelf, where it has become moth-eaten and dust-worn for want of use.

In answer to my next question, how shall we brush the dust from its leaves and induce intelligent and reflecting people to search for its hidden treasures, I answer *let them read it for themselves.*—Cast aside all commentaries, disrobe your mind of all prejudices, and enter upon its perusal with candid hearts and teachable minds. You will then wonder, as you peruse its brilliant pages, that you have been so long ignorant of their intrinsic worth. Every chapter will inspire you with the noblest enthusiasm. Imperceptibly, but surely and permanently, its noble spirit will steal over your soul, and give tone and character to your whole life. The cobwebs of modern religion will be swept from your mind, and thenceforth your soul will feel absolved from all priest-worship and creed-worship, and devoted to the service of the true God. Thus it is that the Bible will be redeemed from daily neglect and profanation, and many to whom now it is as a sealed book, will pant for its pure gospel 'as the hart panteth after the water-brook.' Even priests and D. D.'s will then be compelled to interpret it aright, and will become ashamed of the old wives fables and Munchausen stories which they have been so long in the habit of representing to their parishioners as part and parcel of God's word.

ANECDOTE. A newspaper printed at Boston, fifty odd years ago, stated, that "a crow had been caught by a person in Loudon, N. H., and learnt to speak a number of words; having strayed from home, he lit upon the corner of a barn where a girl was milking beneath. Upon seeing Miss, he bawled out, *I am coming, I am coming.* The girl supposing she had been sold to the old one, scampered off, and reported what she had seen. The elders of a certain religious society assembled and adjured the crow to depart, who happened in the humor of saying, *I'm going, I'm going.* This caused a general shout for joy, but their merriment was considerably damped by his crowship's declaring, *I'll call as I come back;* to avert which, they have ordained three weeks fasting and prayer.'

The business of canes and umbrellas, of every sort, is stated to yield in France, thirty-one millions two hundred and sixty thousand francs per annum.

☞ Cassius M. Clay has concluded not to meet Gerrit Smith in argument.

Mechanics' Exhibition.—The total amount of receipts at the late exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association was $15,518 25.—The expenses will probably amount to $8000 or $9000.